Forden Bryan.

THE SELFISH GIANT

A STORY

BY

OSCAR WILDE

WITH INCIDENTAL MUSIC

BY

LIZA LEHMANN

PRICE 3/- NET

CHAPPELL & Co LTD.
50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1.
NEW YORK & SYDNEY.

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THE SELFISH GIANT.

A story by
OSCAR WILDE.

with incidental music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

Moderato.

PIANO.

f pesante

Con Ped.

cresc.

R.H.

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Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a lovely large garden with soft green

grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like

stars, and there were twelve peach-trees that in the Springtime broke out in

delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The

birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their

games in order to listen to them.

poco rall.

"How happy we are here!" they cried to each-

Ped.

- other.

One day the Giant came back.

f a tempo

7 He had been to see his friend the Cornish Ogre and had stayed there for seven years.

After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle.

When he ar - rived he saw the children playing in the

garden. "What are you doing here?"
he cried in a very gruff voice and
the children ran away. "My own garden is my own

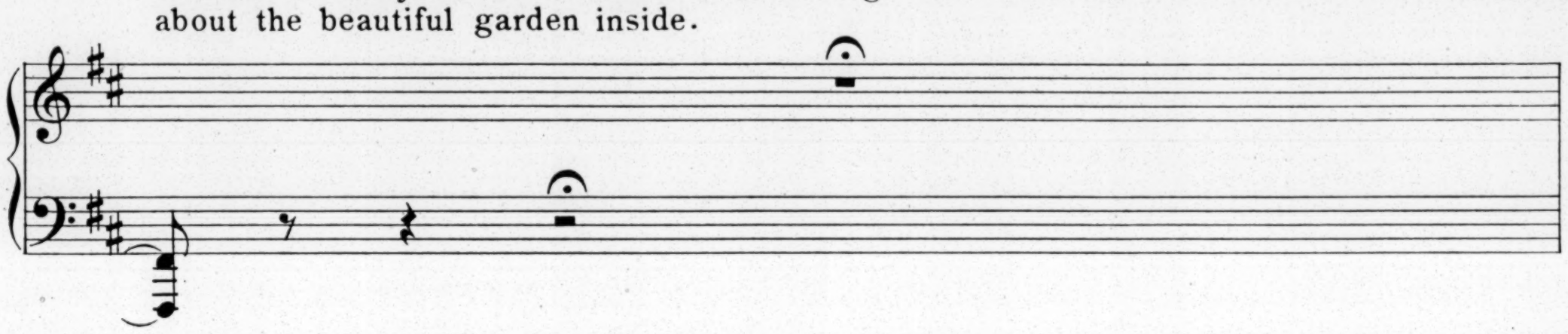
garden," said the Giant, anyone can see that – and I will not allow anyone to play in it but
myself.

So he built a high wall and put up a notice board. *Trespassers will be prosecuted.* He was a

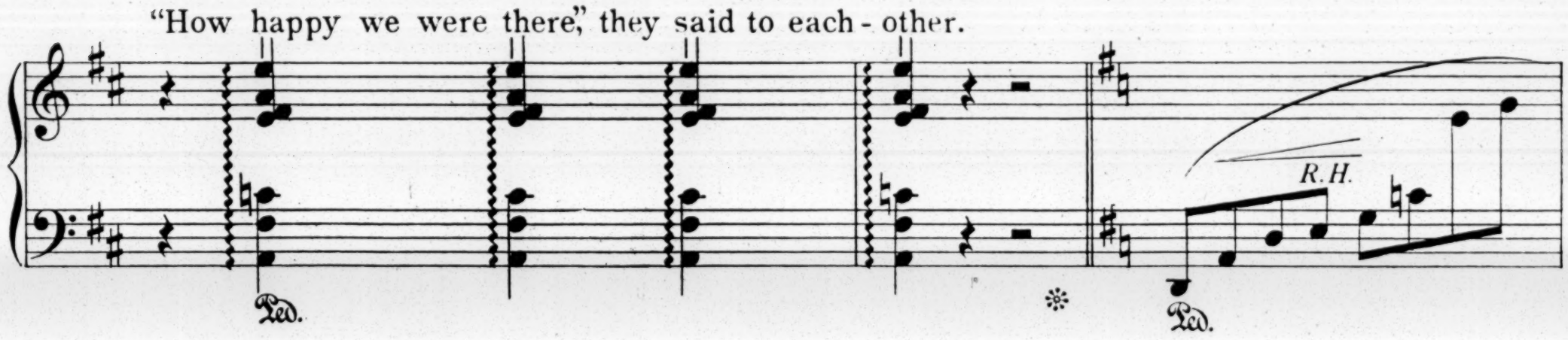
very selfish Giant.

The poor children had now nowhere to play. They

tried to play in the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high wall when their lessons were over and talk about the beautiful garden inside.



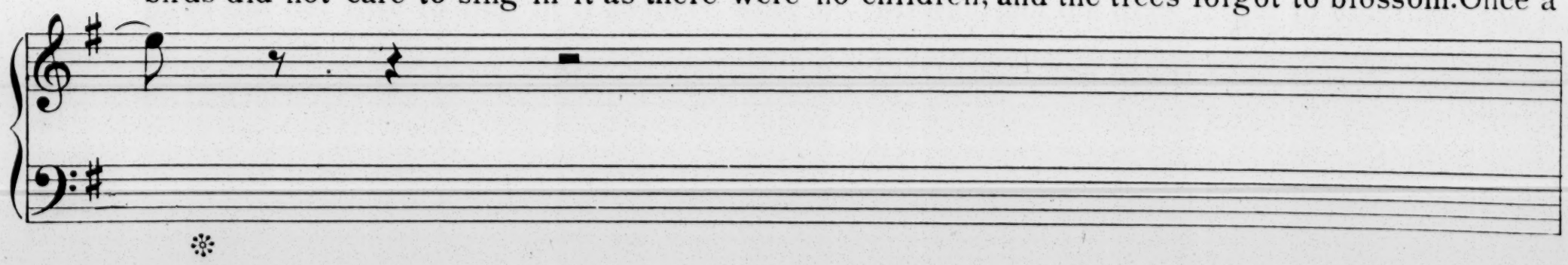
"How happy we were there," they said to each - other.



Then the Spring came and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds.

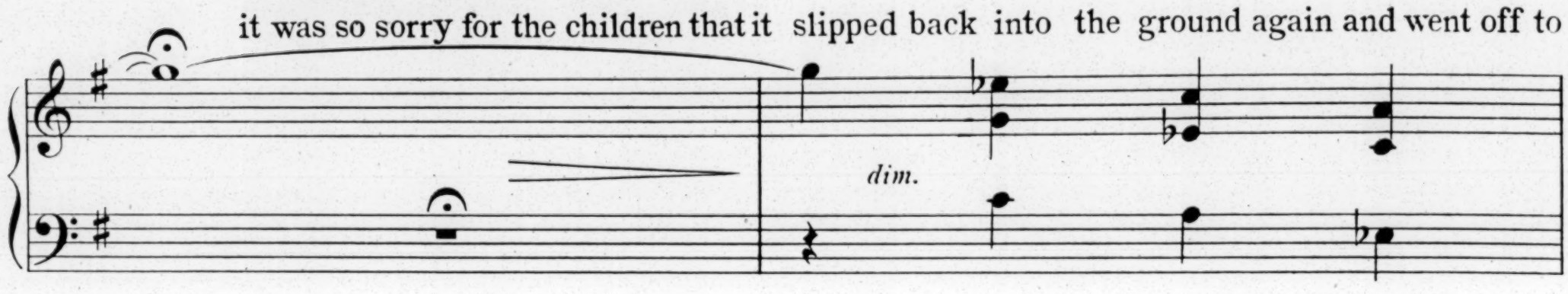
Only in the garden of the selfish Giant it was still Winter. The

birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a

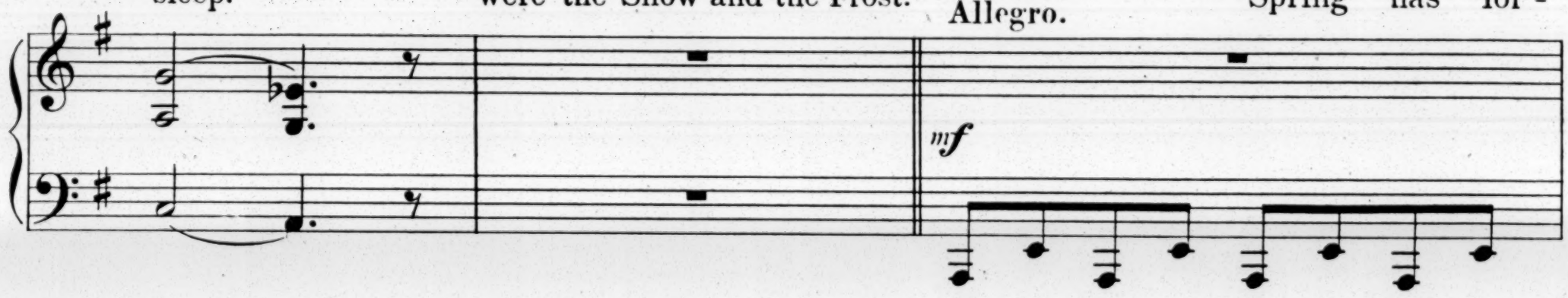


beautiful flower put its head out from the grass,

but when it saw the notice-board
it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again and went off to



The only people who were pleased
sleep. were the Snow and the Frost. Allegro. "Spring has for-



-gotten this garden," they cried, "so we will live here all the year

round.

great white cloak and the Frost painted the trees with silver.

dim. *e* *rall.*

Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them and he came. He was

Allegro.

cresc.

all wrapped in furs, and he roared about the gardens and

blew the chimney pots down. "This is a delightful spot," he

said, "we must ask the Hail on a visit."

(this bar can be repeated ad lib.)

So the Hail came. Every day for three hours he

rattled on the roofs of the castle ***

accel. e cresc. molto

He was

dim.

dressed in grey and his breath was like ice. "I

pp

cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming," said the selfish Giant as he looked out at his cold white garden. I hope there will be a

Tempo I.

mp pesante

change in the weather."

But the Spring never came nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none.

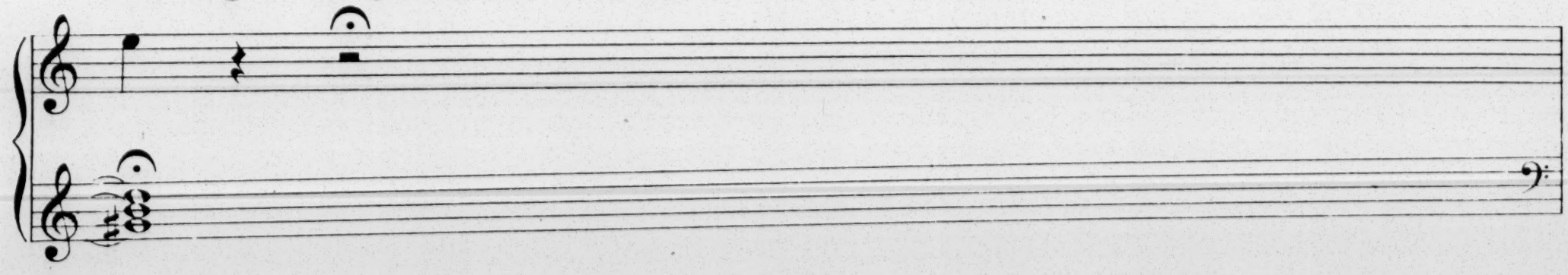
"He is too selfish," she said. ***

One morning the Giant was

lying awake when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was

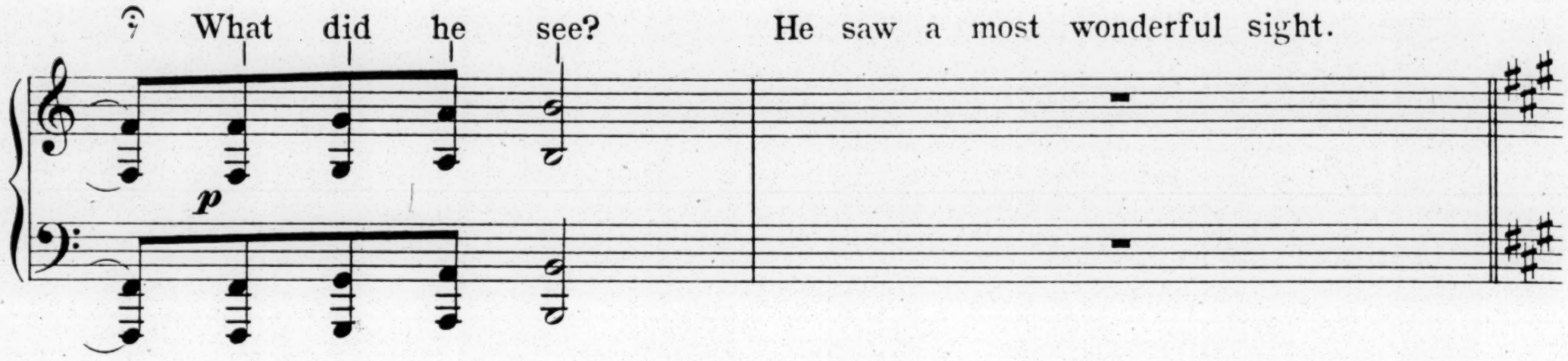
really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a

bird sing in his garden that he thought it the most beautiful music in the world. *** "I believe the



Spring has come at last," said the Giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

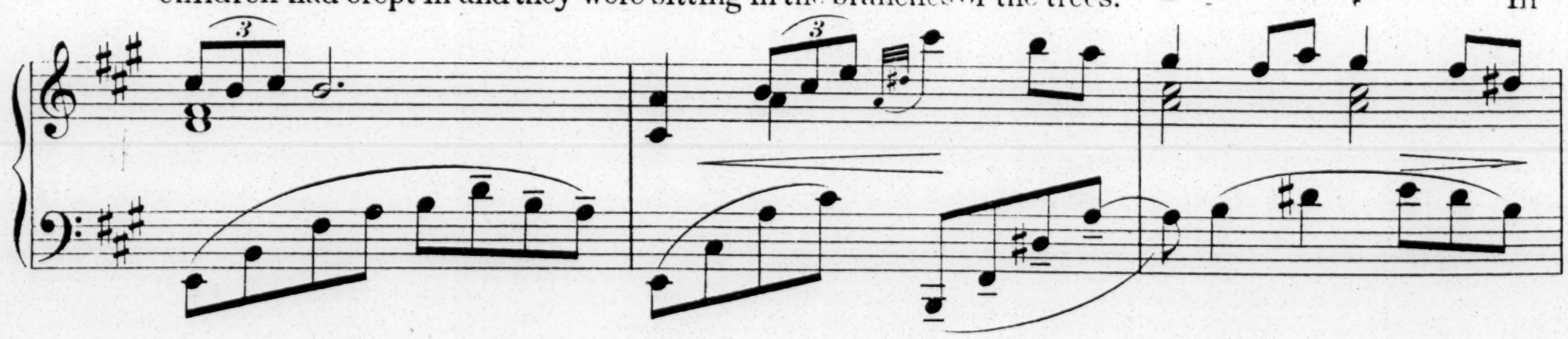
What did he see? He saw a most wonderful sight.



Andante cantabile.

Through a little hole in the wall the

children had crept in and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In



every tree that he could see there was a little child.

And the trees were so glad to have the children

back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms and were waving their arms

gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about and

più cresc

twittering with delight and the flowers were looking up through the grass and laughing,

poco rubato

It was a lovely scene. Only in one corner it was still

dim.

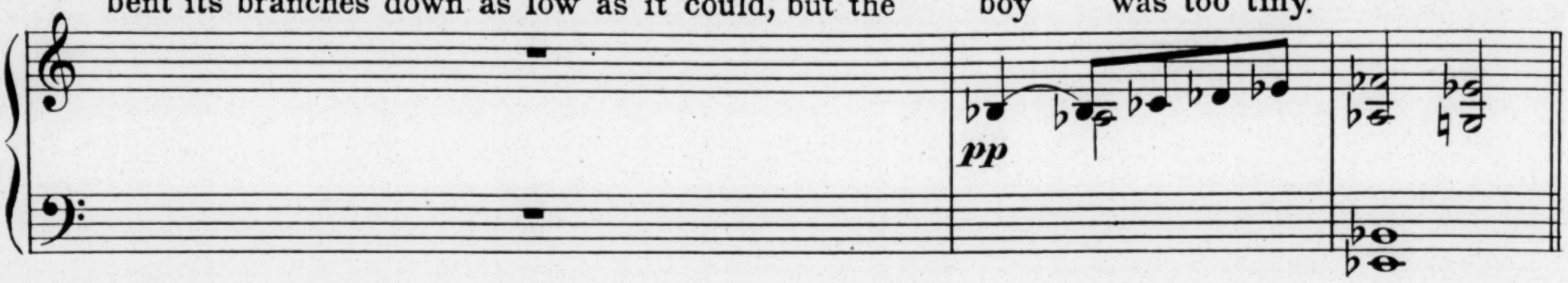
p *dim.* *e*

Winter. It was in the farthest corner of the garden and in it was standing a little boy.

rall.

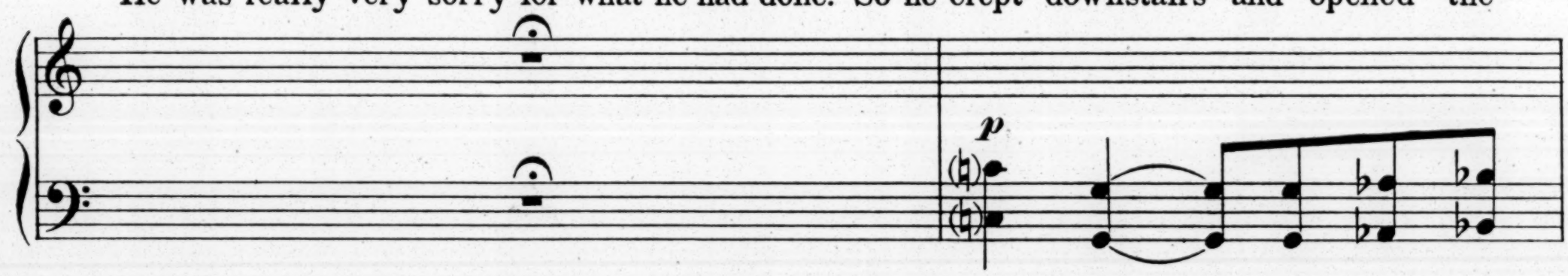
Lento.

He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree and he was wandering all round it and crying bitterly. * * * "Climb up, little boy," said the tree and it bent its branches down as low as it could, but the boy was too tiny.

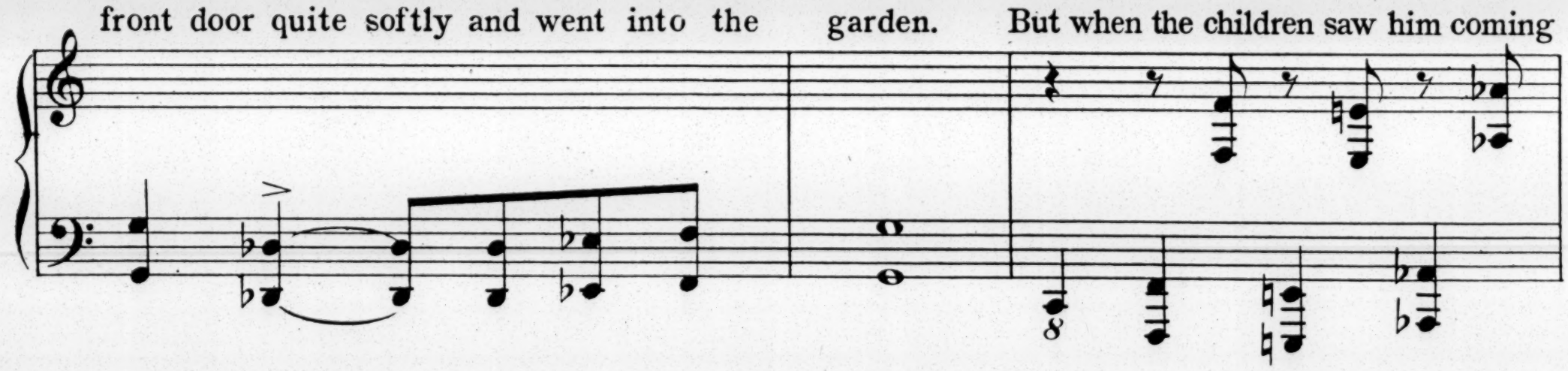


And the giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree and then I will knock down the wall and my garden shall be the children's play-ground for ever and ever.

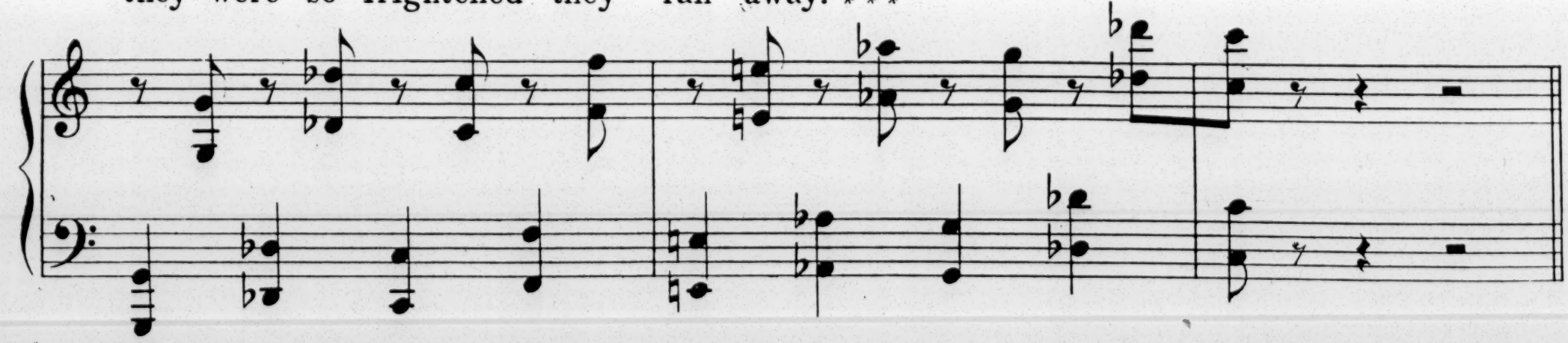
He was really very sorry for what he had done. So he crept downstairs and opened the



front door quite softly and went into the garden. But when the children saw him coming



they were so frightened they ran away. * * *



Only the little boy did not run for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the giant

Lento.

pp

coming. And the giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand and put him up into the tree. And the

tree broke at once into blossom and the birds came and sang on it. And the little

poco cresc.

p come prima

boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the giant's neck and kissed him. And the

cresc.

other children when they saw that the giant was not wicked any longer came running back.***

rall.

It is your garden now, little children, said the giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they

found the giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever

seen. All day long they played in the garden, and in the

evening they came to the giant to bid him goodbye.

"But where is your little com-

poco cresc.

-panion" he said,– "the boy I put into the tree?" The giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children; "he has gone away."*** Every afternoon when school was

mf dolce

over the children came and played with the giant.

But the little boy whom the giant loved was never seen a-

- gain *** "How I would like to see him!" he used to

say. Years went by and the giant grew very old and feeble. He could not

Poco più lento di prima.

mp

play about any more so he sat in a huge arm chair, and watched the children at their games and

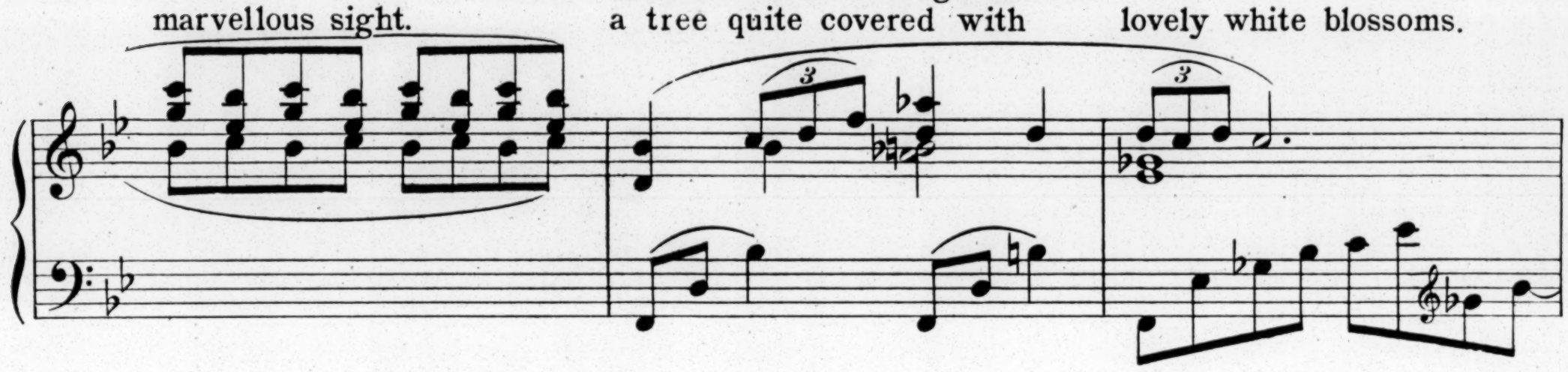
admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said, but the

children are the most beautiful flowers of them all.

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the winter now for he knew it was merely Spring asleep and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes- and looked and looked. It certainly was a

marvellous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms.



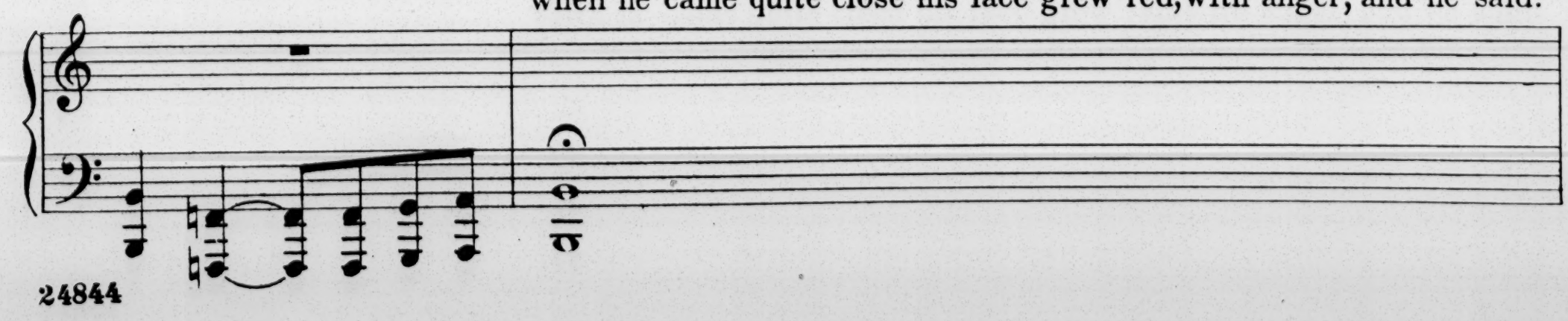
It's branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them. And underneath it stood the little boy

whom he had loved.

Lento.

Downstairs ran the giant in great

joy, and came into the garden. He hastened across the grass and came near to the child, and when he came quite close his face grew red, with anger, and he said:



"Who has dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet. "Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the giant; "tell me that I may take my big sword and slay him." "Nay," answered the child, "but these are the wounds of Love." "Who art thou?" said the giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the giant and said to him, "You let me play once in your garden, to-day you shall come with me to my garden, which is

Paradise."

pp

cresc.

dim.

And when the children ran in that afternoon they found the giant lying dead under the tree

rall.

tranquillo assai

all covered with white blossoms.

dolce

One of
DAME MELBA'S
Favourite Songs

Magdalen at Michael's Gate.

Words by
HENRY KINGSLEY.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

"Hast thou seen the wounds?" said Michael,
"Knowest thou thy sin?"
"It is evening," sang the blackbird,
"Let her in! Let her in!"

"Yes, I have seen the wounds,
And I know my sin."
"She knows it well," sang the blackbird,
"Let her in! Let her in!"

etc.

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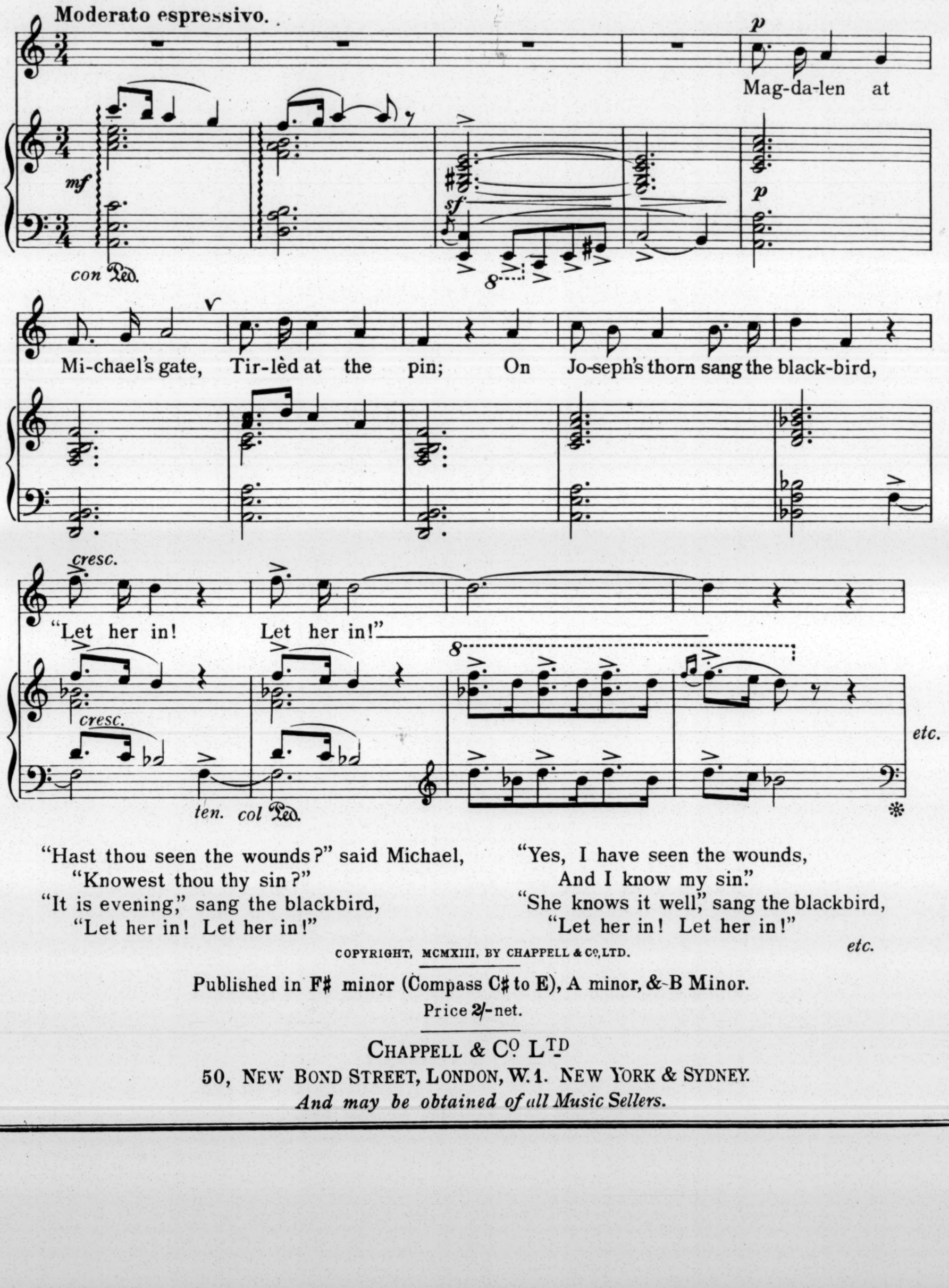

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